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Only One Talent.

In the parable of the Talents, which we find in the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, our Lord teaches us about the talents which he has entrusted to us, and the use we are to make of them, and the account we must give.

A talent was a sum of money. In our cases it means not money only, but all the

be reckoned with according to the use we make of our talents, not according to the talents themselves. A poor man may be as faithful a servant of Christ as a rich man and receive hereafter as full a blessing. One who has never even learnt to read may be as true a Christian as a great scholar; a servant, as a master; a child, as a grown-up person.

The servant who was cast out, was cast

ence over others whether he thinks of it or not. What he does and what he says, the general tone of his character and conduct, tells upon those around him, for good or for evil; they are the better or the worse for him. And talent is not really hidden in the earth, though he may think it is; it is above ground, doing harm, if it is not doing good.

Did the master mean to acknowledge that he was a hard man? No, he only took the servant in his own way and condemned him out of his own mouth. If he was indeed so hard and unreasonable, why did not the man take all the more pains to satisfy him, instead of making it an excuse for doing nothing.

In like manner many have hard thoughts of God. They think him stern and severe, and his service bondage. But what does God say of himself? 'God is love.' And how does our Lord invite us into his service? 'Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.'

Our Master is kind, gracious, and compassionate. All our strength for serving him must come from him; nay, even the wish to serve him. He will help our infirmities. He not only knows how we are using our talents, but is ever ready to help us to use them aright.—F. Bourdillon, in 'Friendly Greetings.'

Saving the Refuse.

Every manufacture has its sweepings, its remnants, its waste, its refuse. In the production of the finished result this refuse is of no value. Indeed, it often costs much to deal with it, to remove or dispose of it. Therefore what to do with the dross, the scum, the sediment, the rubbish, the leavings, is an important problem.

It is said that the Standard Oil Company, now worth its millions, never made money until it had learned to convert its refuse into valuable products; and they still employ several expert chemists at enormous expense, whose sole business it is to discover elements of value in the residuum and refuse which still remain after the properties now known to be valuable have been abstracted. In like manner, various valuable remedies are now also made from coal tar. It is said that thousands of dollars are annually paid for the exclusive privilege of gathering old tin cans, old shoes, papers, pieces of cloth, and other cast-off and cast-away rubbish at the place where the refuse from New York city is dumped.

In the great factory of the world and the church, where refined Christian manhood and womanhood are the finished products, the same perplexing problem confronts the worker—what to do with the refuse, the scum, the outcast. If the manufacturer has learned the value of scraps of leather, pieces of cork, sweeping and offal, so have Christian philanthropists discovered that something of value can be produced from that which society formerly regarded as simply a nuisance and an expense. In opening the first Deaconess House,



'THOU WICKED AND SLOTHFUL SERVANT!'

various powers, gifts and opportunities, which we have in this life; such as our time, our bodily strength, our powers of mind, our station in life.

The first two servants were each of them faithful, and equally faithful. The very same words of blessing, were spoken by their master to them both. Yet one had been entrusted with five talents, and had made them ten, while the other had received only two and made them four.

What does this teach us? That we shall

out, not because he had received only one talent, but because he had made no use of that one he would have been just as unprofitable with five talents.

How plainly his case shows what our Lord expects of us! He kept his money safe; was not that enough? No, he should have used it; his condemnation was because he was an unprofitable servant, he made no profit of it for his master.

Every one who is not doing good in the world, is doing harm. A person has an influ-

Fliedner started with Minna, a degraded woman, who had just been discharged from prison. When Wichern opened the Raue-Haus, in the outskirts of the city of Hamburg, he gathered the outcast boys. Since those earlier days, deaconess houses and rescue missions have been established almost everywhere through Christendom, and Christian people have learned the value of the injunction of the Saviour after having fed the multitude, when he said, 'gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost.'

No church or Sunday-school or home has attained its highest and greatest efficiency until it has fully learned what to do with the refuse, with the outcast, with the abandoned, with those whose cases seem to be hopeless, with those who bring heaviness to a pastor's heart and discouragement to a Sunday-school teacher's work, and anxiety and worry to parents. In Christian work in all foreign lands, effort is specially directed to the saving of the outcast; and when we have learned at home what to do with the same class, and how to convert them into upright Christian men and women, the Church shall most successfully have solved the problem for which it was established upon the earth.—Observer.

Day by Day.

(Sally Campbell, in the 'American Messenger.')

There is a certain youthful and gay-hearted little matron who has moved into the street just around the corner. As she asserts with a charmingly emphatic gesture of her pretty hand, she 'loves to keep house!' And a very capable, self-reliant, successful little housewife she is.

Yesterday several of our family were standing outside our front gate watching the frantic efforts of a small cousin to learn to mount a bicycle. Mrs. Waters presently came walking along, as smiling and fresh as a May morning.

'Let me congratulate you, Mrs. Waters,' said one of our party, 'on having your mother with you.'

'Oh yes, it is lovely! I am enjoying her so much.'

'She came up in the car with me last night. At least, I was told that it was your mother.'

'Yes, she pays each of her children a visit in turn. I can't keep her long; she is going on Wednesday.'

Here my mind wandered anxiously along the wobbling track of Harry's wheel. When it got back again Mrs. Waters was saying,

'My brother-in-law was laughing at me last night. He said, "Effie, you have not done one single thing since your mother came without consulting her about it. I do not see how you ever get on without her." I told him it just shows how much I need her.'

The words have been in my mind often during these twenty-four hours since they were spoken. What a sweet picture they conjure up of confidence and love! As they fell on my ear the thought instantly swept after them, why do we not all make so much of the wise, strong, loving Presence which is in our homes? Why do we not consult in everything the dear, patient Father, so ready and so sufficient to help us? What if each daily duty, or pleasure, or temptation, or disappointment were met under the advice of such a Counsellor? Oh, what homes we should all have! what heaven-like homes!

Suppose that you busy housekeepers in the many steps you take between breakfast and bedtime to the kitchen, to the market to the

attic, to the parlor, should hold ever in memory the idea, 'The Lord sends me,' would it make, do you think, any difference in you and in those dear to you? Would the daily household life be smoother and sweeter and more to be enjoyed?

And how it would adorn the doctrine if some day one of those next to you, watching the closeness of your fellowship with the Father, should say, 'I do not see how you could ever do without him!' It is a beautiful religion that gives light to all that are in the house.

Billy Kelly's Motto is my Motto Too—'Jesus Only.'

(S. H. Hadley, in 'Watchword and Truth.')

The above heading brings out a peculiar phrase in our work in Water Street Mission, and may show some how far-reaching is the grace of God. One night in the McAuley Water Street Mission is devoted to a free supper for the outcasts. Mr. John S. Huyler, the great candy manufacturer, who is, by the way, our president, has for years furnished the means for one big liberal supper for the worst outcasts in our great city. They begin to come about four p.m., and fill up the mission room so we have to lock the door when it is quite full up. We furnish a really fine sandwich with nice cooked pressed corned beef, fresh bread, and good fragrant coffee—some thirty gallons. It is a great night, and great is the disappointment of the poor fellows who do not get in. One night the door-keeper came to me and said, 'Brother Hadley, there is a man out there who will tear the door down if he don't get in.' I said, 'Go and bring him to me.' He did so, and I seated him close to me. He was a tough man. His coat and hat were gone and I saw he had delirium tremens. When the supper had been disposed of, and the cups gathered up, a fine looking convert rose and read the lesson and gave his testimony. He was, as all our leaders are, a redeemed drunkard, and told with glowing heart how Jesus had saved and kept him, had restored his family to him and made a man of him. This man watched him like a cat. Many others spoke and the invitation was given. Our drunken friend came out with some twenty more and knelt at our mercy seat. Some one prayed and I came to him and said, 'Brother, pray.' He lifted up his head and hands and cried, 'Dear Jesus, give me sleep, give me sleep, or I'll die.' We all knew what that meant. A man with the horrors dies for want of sleep. As many of us as could put our hands on him did so and we cried out, 'Oh, Jesus, here is something for you to do. You alone can raise this man up.' He arose from his knees a saved man. I shook his hand and said, 'My brother, you are going to have a good night's sleep, and I want you to come round in the morning and take breakfast with me.' He said, 'Do you mean that?' I said, 'Come and see.' I sent him to a lodging house, and he slept thirteen hours. He came back next forenoon, and I had him washed clean, and dressed clean from head to foot, hair cut, shaved, etc., and a good breakfast given him. I saw he was badly hurt mentally. He sat around the mission for over three months. This man was Billy Kelly, and he had been for thirteen years head bar-tender, general bouncer and all around fighting man for The Allen, in his notorious dive hall on Bleecker Street, N.Y. He had become such a drunkard he was discharged and had become a helpless drunkard. He was one of the sweetest Christians I ever saw. I got him a position in a lodging house at six dollars a week, and

he lived his life there, though it was a hard place. I had and still have a friend who is treasurer of one of the largest (if not the largest) financial institutions in this country. I asked him to become one of our trustees, and he consented. He came down some weeks later and wrote me a letter to come and see him. When I came he said, 'Brother Hadley, I want to get off your board of trustees.' I was astounded and asked him why. He said, 'I was down there the other night and every one there talked of nothing but Jesus. I should have told you I was a Unitarian, and can't see things as you do, so I had better get away.' I said, 'What kind of men were these who were speaking about Jesus?' He said, 'They had been thieves and drunkards by their own stories.' I said, 'What kind of men are they now?' He said, 'They are the finest looking men I ever saw.'

I said, 'And must you leave us on this account?' He said, with much agitation, 'Will you keep me?' I said, 'Yes.' He came down again soon, and Billy Kelly was there and spoke, saying, 'Brethren, I have had a trying time to-day, and the devil has been after me all day, but I have made up my mind to take that for my motto,' and he pointed to a large silk banner on the wall: 'Jesus Only.' He took pneumonia about fourteen months after his conversion, and when I saw him in the St. Luke's Hospital, shortly before his death, he kissed my hand over and over, and said, 'Brother Hadley, how sweet Jesus is to my soul. He stood by my bedside all last night. Tell the boys down at the mission how sweet Jesus is to my soul.' He died that night about half-past twelve. The nurses walked about with noiseless steps, but the horses and chariot came down for Billy Kelly, the ex-bar-tender, and took him to the Saviour, who had stood by him beside all the night before. I brought him down to Water Street, and we had a characteristic funeral. We don't cry much when one of our boys goes home. We shout, because one more redeemed one has passed the dead line of saloons and gone to be safe with Jesus. The converts preached the funeral sermon, and as a long line of redeemed ones came by the coffin and shed tears of love on the peaceful upturned face of Billy Kelly, this gentleman slipped his hand in mine and said, 'Brother Hadley, Billy Kelly's motto is my motto from henceforth. Jesus Only.'

A physician is quoted in the 'Chicago News' as saying: 'My experience as a college society man has shown me that social drinking of alcoholic stimulants is not necessary to the highest social enjoyment. My experience as a physician has shown the habit of just such drinking to be uniformly deleterious. My observation of college men (extending over half a century) has shown that young men who habitually drink during their college days usually continue the habit in after life to their great injury.'

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Elsie's Lesson in Prayer.

Katharine Smalley, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

One morning, when Elsie woke, her first thought was that it was very early, for the sun was not shining. She was snuggling down to go to sleep again, when she remembered the plans for the day: Nell Grover's grandfather was going to send a hay-waggon to take a dozen of Nell's little friends—and Elsie was one of them—out to his ranch, and it was such a delightful place to spend the day. She lay thinking what a lovely time they were going to have when she became aware of a continual patter, patter, drip, drip.

She sprang out of bed and ran to the window. Out doors all was gray and wet. There was a gentle, but steady rain falling, and Elsie was old enough to know that meant a wet day.

'Oh, dear!' she sighed; 'Oh, dear, oh, dear!' And she wished it had not rained, and she wished it would stop, and as she stood, wishing and wishing, she thought of the story of the stilling of the storm on the Sea of Galilee, which her father had read at worship the morning before. God could stop the rain, she thought, and she would ask him, so they need not lose their happy day, for it could not be some other time, as Nell was going on a long journey to be gone a long while.

She knelt down by her little bed and she prayed earnestly for this thing she wanted so much, not only for herself, but for her little companions. Elsie had but lately learned to pray, and not just 'say her prayers.' When she rose from her knees she went to look out the window, as if she expected to see the rain slackening, but it was still falling very steadily.

'Of course,' said the little girl to herself, 'I don't suppose it will stop right away, it will just "clear off." But she kept praying in her heart.

While she dressed she studied the golden text, and when she was ready went down to help her mamma with the breakfast as usual. Her mother kissed her good morning and said: 'I'm sorry Grandpa Grover planned your outing for to-day with this settled rain.'

'Oh,' said Elsie, brightly, 'I think it will clear off before it's time to go.'

'I'm afraid not, dear,' said mamma, kindly, and as she looked into the serious little face she wondered not to see tears instead of a brave smile.

When breakfast was over Elsie saw the rain was coming down faster than before and her heart began to feel heavy, but she kept praying until almost time for the waggon to come, and it was still raining hard, and there was not a break in the dull gray clouds and she knew it would not come. But keen as the disappointment of giving up her good time was, there was a deeper sorrow in her heart that God did not hear her prayer.

Mamma saw the corners of the sweet rosy mouth were drooping, and the bright eyes were winking hard to keep back the tears.

'There's a new book we got yesterday,' she said, 'don't you want to read it, it is such a nice story?'

'No, mamma, I couldn't read,' she answered unsteadily.

'Would you like to sort over the ironed clothes, and put them in their places? That would help me, so I can get more sewing done to-day.'

Elsie said she would like to help, and was

laying the clothes out in different piles, trying bravely to keep back the tears, but one or two did drop on the white things. Then her mother called out merrily:

'Oh, here comes Uncle George on horseback, in his yellow oil skin. Run to the door and see what he wants.'

Elsie left her work, and hurrying to the door, opened it, as her uncle was coming up the walk with a basket in his hand.

'Hello, Roses!' he called out gaily, as he sprang up on the porch, and stooping he kissed the pink cheeks. 'How's everybody?'

'Oh, we're all well. Come in,' said the little girl, holding wide the door, for Uncle George stood still on the porch.

'No, it isn't worth while, and I'm all dripping. How are you?' he said to his sister, as Mrs. Morris came to the door. 'I had to come to town this morning, and Bess would have me bring a basket of strawberries,' and he handed the basket to Elsie. 'Bess thinks there aren't any berries in town to match the ones she has.'

'I don't believe there are, either,' exclaimed Elsie, lifting the cover and seeing great glowing red berries packed with shining green leaves. Mamma admired them, too, and they sent thanks and love to her kind Auntie.

'Isn't this rain grand!' said Uncle George, enthusiastically. Elsie opened her mouth to protest, but he went on: 'It is a God-send.'

Elsie gave a little gasp.

'Why, was the rain needed very much?' asked his sister.

'Oh, yes. The young crops were not getting a good start. Of course we irrigate, but that is not like rain, besides the creek is low and water scarce; and the pasture on the range is very short, so the stock was suffering. Then there's been a fire on the other side of Mount Piny, and it was getting up into the big timber, and would have done a great amount of damage in another day. But this rain will settle it. Haven't you noticed how smoky it has been?'

Mrs. Morris had, and so had Elsie, but she did not know what caused it, she only thought the mountains had been very beautiful. A thrill ran through her. How good God was not to have answered her prayer! After a few more words Uncle George bade them both good-bye and was gone.

They took the berries to the pantry, and mamma got a pretty china plate and put some fine sugar and a half-dozen of the largest berries on it, with a piece of cake for Elsie. The little girl was so pleased, it was such a delicious treat and looked so pretty. With shining eyes she took it to the dining-room and sat on the window seat, where she could see the mountains that had been so blue yesterday, but were now almost hidden by the rain.

And while she ate the great, luscious berries slowly, so as to enjoy them the longer, Elsie, because she was little herself, thought of the little things,—the lambs, and little bossies, that would have been hungry without the rain to make the grass grow; and of the pretty ferns and flowers, and the 'Christmas trees' that would have burned up, as well as the beautiful big trees. And all the while she kept thinking how good God was, and how glad she was he had not answered her prayer, not because he didn't hear, but because it was not best.

Then she thought she had not prayed right, but rather had been teasing for what she wanted without caring if it were best, and

that she had better ask God to help her be patient, even if things were not just as she liked them.

Though she was still sorry that she could not have gone to the ranch and had a merry day with the other children, it was such a sweet, patient face that smiled up into mamma's when she took the plate back that Mrs. Morris kissed it and said:

'My little Elsie is not sorry now it rained.'

'Oh, no, mamma, I'm glad. I did not know,' replied Elsie.

'And even when we can't know why things are hard,' said mamma, 'we must think there is good reason, for God is good.'

'Yes, mamma,' said Elsie. 'Now I'll finish putting away the clothes, and then I'll read that pretty story book.'

He Unbraideth Not.

Last winter, as the train was coming into the station, one stormy day, we saw a boy leap from it and fall under the cars. A bystander seized him and drew him out before the wheels touched him. The man who drew him out stood him on his feet and then dismissed him with a kick. The boy went away much frightened at his peril and hurt by the kick. We could not help thinking that if God had served us that way we would have deserved it. If he had snatched us from hell, where we were bound, and then had punished us for having ever dabbled with sin, it would have served us just right. But that is not the divine method. God is not like man. 'His mercy endureth forever.' He not only forgives us but loves us freely. He never brings up the past to cause us to feel sore or dejected, which he might do. But he says that he will remember our sins against us no more forever. God never twits us as to the past as men do. We have known professed Christians who would bring up sins of the past after a man had been saved from those sins. But this is not God-like, but devilish.—'Christian Witness.'

To The Loser.

So you've lost the race, lad?

Ran it clean and fast.

Beaten at the top, lad?

Rough? Yes, but it is past.

Never mind the losing;

Think of how you ran.

Smile, and shut your teeth, lad;

Take it like a man!

Not the winning counts, lad,

But the winning fair;

Not the losing shames, lad,

But the weak despair.

So when failure stuns you,

Don't forget your plan.

Smile, and shut your teeth, lad;

Take it like a man!

Diamonds turn to paste, lad;

Night succeeds to morn.

Where you'd pluck a rose, lad,

Oft you grasp a thorn!

Time will heal the bleeding:

Life is but a span.

Smile, and shut your teeth, lad;

Take it like a man!

Then when sunset comes, lad,

When your fighting's through,

And the Silent Guest, lad,

Fills your cup for you,

Shrink not, grasp it boldly:

End as you began.

Smile, and close your eyes, lad;

And take it like a man!

—C. F. Lester, in 'Success.'

Captain Solon's Boy.

(The 'Youth's Companion'.)

Year in and year out, month in and month out, a stream sets in from the country to the cities,—a stream of youthful life, coming from homes to live without the restraints of home; coming for better or for worse.

Myron Walker had come in this great current from a home of peace, of kindness, and of homey uprightness. His home was by the sea, and from his early boyhood, when he had ventured first upon the water, in a skiff rigged with a little sprit-sail of cotton cloth, until he was a well-grown lad, he had had every care, every training, all the best surroundings that a New England home can give a boy to fit him for the battle of life.

His father's home was pleasant in situation. It stood close by the shore of a little bay, and by it was the old barn where the swallows built, and where the old white horse stood switching flies in summer and with his head thrust with absurd gravity on the children at their play.

Close on the shore was the shop where Captain Solon Walker, Myron's father, worked at building boats. The business was growing, and Captain Solon, as everybody called him, did find it pleasanter of late years than going to sea in a coaster; and he had strongly wished that Myron would stay at home and learn the trade. But no; Myron had a great longing to be what he called a gentleman, and to the city he had gone. He was bright and quick, however, and he had given great satisfaction to his employers, and was rising.

High noon in the city, and burning heat. Everybody walking on the shady side and keeping indoors, as far as possible. Few sales in the shops, except of bathing-suits. No business really good but that of the harbor-steamers. Dull and quiet everywhere; dull and quiet in the store of Shaw & Barnes, where Myron and a fellow-clerk stood looking out through the broad show-window.

Neither was over nineteen, but they held themselves to be gentlemen; their clothes fitted well, their low shoes fitted well, their shirt-bosoms lay flat and smooth, their neck-scarfs were held in place by broad gold rings.

'I wish my vacation began to-day,' said Myron's companion, listlessly. 'When does your train leave?'

'Three-twenty,' said Myron. 'And I shall be glad enough to get out of this hot place for a while, though it's wretchedly dull down home.'

'What's the old gentleman's business?' asked the other. 'I don't know as I ever asked you.'

'He always used to go to sea,' said Myron; 'but he builds boats now.'

'What! you don't mean works with his hands at it, like a mechanic?'

'Well, yes,' said Myron, with an apologetic air. 'But you know how it is in the country; nobody thinks any the less of him for it there.'

His companion softly whistled. 'Oh, no!' he said. 'That's all right. But it's lucky for you he lives so far off. It would be a regular circus to have him galloping round town, where the fellows would see him in brown overalls and in shirt-sleeves, and lugging a high-top dinner-pail.'

'Myron!' called Mr. Shaw, from the little private office.

Myron went in.

'Close the door,' said his employer.

Mr. Shaw, Mr. Barnes and a tall, hard-

featured man, whom Myron had never seen, were there.

'Myron,' said Mr. Shaw, 'I have missed a good deal of money in the last six months, although I haven't said anything about it, for fear of doing injustice to somebody. You were the last one in the world I should have suspected, but now, in the presence of this officer, I feel obliged to ask you to show us what money you have in your pockets.'

Myron turned color. 'I don't see that it's of any consequence to you,' he said. 'There is nothing but my own money there.'

'Myron,' said Mr. Shaw, 'this can hardly be more unpleasant to you than it is to me; but I have good reasons to believe that you have in your pockets now some gold and silver pieces that were in the drawer last night, and have not been paid out to any one. Will you show us what you have?'

'No, sir! I don't propose to lower myself by doing any such thing. I don't propose to be treated like a thief!'

'Very well,' said Mr. Shaw. 'Mr. Officer, I have nothing further to say.'

The officer took from his pocket a warrant for the arrest of Myron F. Walker on a charge of larceny.

'I don't see but you'll have to go with me,' he said. 'By the way, you may be interested to know that I've got a few things that I found in your bedroom this forenoon.'

'Stop!' said Myron. 'I see you've got me in a corner, and I suppose I may as well make a clean breast of it,' and he emptied his pockets. There were five coins marked like the one Mr. Shaw had shown.

'Now,' said the officer, 'you can come with me. I'll provide you with a vacation-free.'

'You don't mean that you're going to have me arrested, Mr. Shaw, now, after I have told you everything frankly?' said Myron.

'Young man,' said Mr. Barnes, 'we have only given you this chance to clear yourself because my partner couldn't be persuaded that you would steal, and insisted on your having this chance to clear yourself of taking this money. I was satisfied, for my part, that you had it.'

'All right!' said the boy, sullenly; and before the face of his wondering fellow-clerks he took his hat and passed out with the officer.

'Mr. Clerk,' said the district attorney, 'you may call No. 1542, Myron F. Walker.'

Myron was set at the bar.

'The defendant has pleaded guilty, your Honor,' said the district attorney, 'and the case comes up for sentence. It seems, by the indictment, that the prisoner is one of those luxurious young gentlemen who cannot get along, like your Honor and me, with a supply of the common wants of life, but must have (here he looked over the indictment) large quantities of perfumery and silk stockings and white dress-studs and French kid gloves, besides collars and cuffs by dozens. He has taken these things and various sums of money amounting in value, in all, to over four hundred dollars from his employers. Such cases have been too frequent of late, and I ask for a substantial sentence of imprisonment. But for the fact that restitution has been made by the boy's father, I should move, as I might upon this record, that he be sentenced as a common thief.'

'Has the defendant counsel?' asked the judge.

Captain Solon rose from his place beside his wife in the witness-seats, and came forward. His plain, homely dress and simple bearing were in strong contrast with the

dress and manners of those who sat around him.

'Your Honor,' he said, 'I am this boy's father. He has no lawyer, but I would ask the privilege of saying a few words to your Honor or myself.'

'I shall be most glad to hear you,' said the judge, respectfully—for he was a gentleman, and knew a gentleman when he saw one, though his dress and manners were not of the city fashion—but first let me ask the young man a few questions.'

The court-room was full of lawyers and witnesses and spectators, for there were many other prisoners awaiting trial or sentence; and all eyes were bent on Myron.

'How long,' said the Judge, 'have you been in the city?'

'About two years, your Honor.'

'Now tell me,' continued the judge, 'how it was that being brought up by such a man as your father plainly is, you fell to stealing?'

'Your Honor,' said Myron, 'I never took a thing until within the last six or eight months. But last fall I got acquainted, at a ball, with four or five fellows that I have been around with a good deal since, and they all dressed a great deal better than I could afford to, and they had money to spend for everything, and finally I couldn't stand it. First I took two dollars from the till, and then I took more and more as I had a chance, and then I got to taking goods.'

'What did you do with these various articles?' asked the judge, looking over the list through his eye-glasses; 'you certainly cannot have used them all yourself.'

'No, sir,' said Myron; 'we were all in different kinds of stores, and we used to take things to exchange with each other.'

'Who are these young men?' asked the judge.

'Your Honor, I do not wish to tell,' said Myron.

'But suppose I should increase your sentence for not giving us the information?'

'Then I should take the sentence, your Honor,' said Myron.

'Well,' said the judge, 'if you understood these things better, perhaps you would see that the fair thing is to tell who these young men are; but as it is, I do not know but I think the more of you for keeping their names to yourself.'

'Now, Mr. Walker,' said the judge to Capt. Solon, 'I shall be very glad to hear you.'

'Your Honor,' said Capt. Solon, 'this boy has always borne, until now, the best character. It struck me as sudden as lightning when I got a telegram telling me of this, and I can't help believing that he was led astray by designing persons, and that his disgrace will be an awful lesson to him; and for these reasons I would ask your Honor to defer the sentence, and give him a chance to redeem himself. I can't doubt that something can be made of him yet. His mother would never outlive his going to prison, and his sisters would never hold up their heads again. It's hard enough for them, as it is; the girls want me, now, to move away from where we live. My family have lived on the same spot, your Honor, ever since the town settled, and this is the first time any one of them has been charged with a dishonest act.'

'But you know, Mr. Walker,' said the judge, 'that this case does not stand alone; examples must be made.'

'I know, your Honor; I have no word of excuse for stealing, but if the boy goes to the prison, probably that is the end of him, and I want one chance to save him. It seems to

me that that can't be out of the way. I don't ask to have him let off, out and out, I am willing to have this hang over him.'

The judge put on his glasses and looked at Myron. He was a handsome boy, tall and straight, with a fresh color in his face and an elasticity in his bearing, that came from his free, out-of-door life on shore and on the water. It seemed like sacrilege to immure that form of promise within stone walls, in prison-dress, with criminals.

The boy looked anxiously at the magistrate who held his future in his hands.

'Mr. District-Attorney,' said the Judge, after a pause, 'what have you to say?'

The district attorney rose.

'Your Honor,' he said, 'I have something very positive to say. I have talked this over half-a-dozen times with this boy's father; he has been at my office every day for a week. I am satisfied that he is a man of sense and honesty; but it is for that reason chiefly that I object—most decidedly object—to his request. It is precisely because this boy has had a wholesome bringing-up, by an honest man, that I think his crime is without excuse. These cases appeal, I know well, to sentimental feeling; but, in my judgment, sympathy for such offenders is usually thrown away. I have sympathy, but it is for boys who have had no bring-up—no chance in the world, who can hardly help going wrong.'

'Why, your Honor has just sentenced to twelve years' hard labor, for highway robbery, an ignorant young man who, as I solemnly believe from what I know of him, if he had had one-tenth the care and training of this defendant, and had been free, like him, from absolute want, would have been an honest citizen. Youths like him, who are rocked into crime in the cradle, move my pity profoundly, but not young thieves like this defendant, who give the lie to an honest bringing-up, and steal silk scarfs to display in the street on Sundays.'

'I have said that I object to this request, because there is no reason for it; there are strong, positive reasons against it. In the first place, these cases are getting common, and need vigorous handling. But I oppose the request further on grounds of common humanity. There would be a show of kindness in letting this young man go; but it would be a vain show only; it would be sheer cruelty to other boys who are and will be no doubt tempted as he was, to hold up such an example of laxness, and take away from them one great restraint from the commission of crime—the fear of punishment. And so, your Honor, I decidedly object to anything short of a substantial sentence of imprisonment.'

The judge took up his pen to minute his decision. But he hesitated.

'I feel the force,' he said, 'of the arguments on both sides. I agree entirely with the district attorney, that this should be made no question of sentiment, and I propose to settle it without regard to sentiment. It would have been pure folly and sentiment to let that man go free who has been alluded to; for while his absolute guilt may be less than this boy's, who has sinned against great light, still, as a practical man, I know that if he were at large, he would commit another violent robbery within a week. The only argument in this boy's favor is that, practically, there is a chance of saving him. And that chance I propose to give him. No boy who takes pains to trace this lad's future will find it enviable.'

'With his father as surety, the indictment may be laid on file, on the usual terms. The officer will keep an eye on him, and whenever

he fails to keep at work and carry himself as he should, in every way, he may be then brought up for sentence, and should be dealt with severely.'

As Captain Solon and his wife left the court-room, with Myron, 'Jimmy,' said a news-boy who was waiting with a little brother to see his father tried for a drunken assault upon his mother,—

'Jimmy, d'y'e see! That young blood has got off clean just like he never hooked nothin' in his life! Don't them swells take it easy, though!'

Captain Solon had a good many acquaintances in the city, as every sea-faring man has in the great ports. How many names he looked out in the directory; how many streets he walked through, from end to end, with Myron, to get him a place! But all his applications were received in about one way.

They entered one large store near the wharves, kept by a man whom the captain had known from a boy,—the windows of which were full of bright chronometers and compasses and charts, while further on were rows of anchors, small and great, and windlasses, and all the numberless things that go to the fitting out of boats and vessels. It was a cheerful, happy-looking store, and just inside the door was a jolly, round-faced man sitting tipped up in a cane-seat chair, reading the morning paper.

'Good-morning, Mr. Frost,' said Captain Solon.

'Good-morning, sir, good-morning,' said Mr. Frost. 'Well, now—why—it's Captain Solon Walker!'

'That's the man it is,' said the captain.

'Well, well,' said Mr. Frost, 'I can't tell how glad I am to see you. Why, you haven't been in town this ten years, have you? I hope you haven't been in the city without coming to see me. You must go out to the house and stay one night, at least, with us. Lucy and I will both want to talk over old times with you—district-school—remember? Hey?' and he gave Captain Solon a little merry poke with his folded paper.

'This is my son Myron,' said Captain Solon. 'I want to get him a place.'

'I'm very glad to see you, my boy,' said Mr. Frost, shaking hands with Myron, and at the same time putting his left hand on the boy's shoulder. 'Looks like his mother. Remember that time, Solon, when we were boys, when she went sleigh-riding with me, and you wouldn't speak to me for a week!' And he laughed hard.

'John,' he called to a boy, 'see if that patent log has gone to the "Zoraide." Hurry it along if it hasn't.'

'Well, now, about a place,' he said. 'One of my young men isn't very well—he talks of leaving. I should like nothing better than to have you come with me, if he does—you come of good stock, my boy.'

'I think a great deal of that,' he said to Captain Solon. 'I always get my boys from down home; I know whom I can trust, then!'

'Myron, you may go into the after part of the store,' said Captain Solon; and then he told the whole story.

'Sorry, Solon, but it's of no use here,' said Mr. Frost. 'Ask me for anything I've got, and you shall have it; but you see how it is here; everything lying round loose. I must have boys that I can trust. You'll have to get him in somewhere that they have a check on the clerks.'

'I see,' said Captain Solon, and he called Myron and they went out.

In one of the poorer quarters of the city, is a long street, in which was a great store,

which rejoiced in fires and failures, if one could trust its announcements,—for it was always boasting of its supplies of shop-worn goods, or of goods just received from 'the great B—— fire.' One would have thought that its customers disdained all articles that were not either shop-worn goods, or brands plucked from the burning.

And here it was that Myron began again to climb the ladder of life. Not hopelessly—there is no 'hopelessly' in all this world—but not as he had begun before, with the prestige of honesty behind him. Here there was no chance to steal; the minutest things were charged and counted, and no one could by any chance get at the cash-drawer but Isaac Meyer, who kept the store, and his wife and daughter. 'You shall steal all you can take, with my happy compliments,' Meyer used delicately to observe to his clerks, and then he would laugh.

But at home, in the quiet house close by the water!—in the boat-shop looking down the bay, and over the silvery sand-bar to the distant whitecaps! No more running together and loud rejoicing and laughter over letters; no more making ready for vacation visits. No more pride in the boy away in the city; no more joking about the lad who was to come home rich.

But once a quarter you might have seen a faded woman take the cars for the city, to spend a Sunday with her son, conscious, as she went, that everyone knew where she was going, and inwardly, at least, was commenting on her distress.

And thus it was that Myron went off free and clear, when he escaped imprisonment.

The Aztec Calendar.

One of the curiosities of all ages is built in the wall of the cathedral in the City of Mexico. It is the Aztec calendar, carved in 1512. While being carted to its destination, it broke down a bridge and fell to the bottom of the lake in which the city was built, killing priests and people. With great difficulty it was raised out of the water. With other objects of heathen worship, it was afterward buried in the marsh, as the best way to get rid of it, and there lay hidden for two centuries. In 1790 the Spanish Viceroy allowed it to be built into the cathedral, on condition that it should be preserved and exposed always in a public place. It is now, however, held as the property of the National Museum.

'The Aztec calendar is a solid piece of stone twelve feet in diameter. It divides time into cycles, years and days. Fifty-two years constitute a cycle; the year 365 days, with five intercalary days wholly devoted to human sacrifices. Each year had eighteen months of twenty days each, and each month four weeks of five days each. The days had such names as Sea Animal, Small Bird, Monkey, Rain, etc., and each of the twenty days had a different name. The points of the compass were named Reed, House, Flint, and Rabbit, instead of east, west, north and south. When an Aztec said, 'I am going House on Sea Animal,' he meant that he was starting west on Monday. The month of March was called Victims Flayed Alive, while July's title was Garlands of Corn on the Necks of Idols.—'New York Press.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Once a Labour, Now a Prince.

THE ROMANTIC STORY OF MICHAEL HILKOFF'S CAREER.

(H. M. Hyde, in the 'Technical World,' Chicago.)

The emancipation of the serfs by the great Czar, Alexander II., grandfather of the present Emperor, ruined the father of Prince Michael Hilkoﬀ (or, as it is spelled in Russian, Khilkov), and sent the son forth into exile.

A bitter quarrel followed between father and son, as a result of which Michael Hilkoﬀ renounced his ancestral titles and estates, resigned his office at court, and sailed for America as a common emigrant. He landed at Philadelphia, and his poverty was so great that to secure employment was an immediate necessity.

The first opening that offered was a job attending a bolt-making machine, at wages of \$1 a day.

'Your name?' asked the foreman, when he reported for work.

'Mi-kale,' began the young Russian slowly, his tongue hesitating when it came to English.

'Magill, heh?' snapped back the busy foreman. 'Well, what's your first name?'

'John,' answered the Prince, deciding on the moment that that would do as well as anything. And so he was fitted with a new name, which served him for a good many years.

After a year or two in the machine shops, during which the Prince was studying mechanical engineering, he found a place as a brakeman on a freight train. Later he became a locomotive engineer, and he added to the practical knowledge acquired in that way a thorough technical and theoretical knowledge acquired by study after hours.

Presently he was promoted again. This time he became superintendent of a railway down in South America. There, also, he served several years, when, finally, a longing for his old home in Russia seized him, which he was not able to resist. He went back, still concealing his princely name and station, and secured a place on one of the Russian railways. It was an obscure place in an obscure Russian village, but Michael Hilkoﬀ, or John Magill, was not destined to remain in obscurity.

Presently an emergency arose, connected with the movement of trains at the junction point where he was stationed, and in that emergency the technical skill and practical training of Hilkoﬀ showed itself in a way to attract the attention of his immediate superiors, and to win, in the end, even the notice of the Czar himself. Under orders from headquarters he was promoted as rapidly as he showed capacity for a higher place. Finally, under close questioning, he revealed his identity as a Russian Prince, and as a former officer in the Guard of the Russian Empress. Then followed the story of his romantic and inspiring career as an emigrant to America, and of his work there as a railway man and student. The Russian Emperor was delighted to find that the young man who had displayed such great capacity and skill was one of his own subjects. He restored to the master of railwaying all the princely estates which he had voluntarily given up years before, and he added other and even more desirable marks of his personal favor. Presently Prince Michael Hilkoﬀ was made Imperial Minister of Railways and Transporta-

tion, and became a member of the Cabinet of the Czar.

Hilkoﬀ's masterwork and the monument by which he will be longest remembered, is the great Trans-Siberian Railway, to the construction and equipment of which he, next to the Emperor, lent the greatest impetus.

Taking Out Christianity.

Norah had a 'model village,' and she never tired of setting it up.

'What kind of a town is that, Norah?' her father asked. 'Is it a Christian or a heathen town?'

'Oh, a Christian town,' Norah answered, quickly.

'Suppose we make it a heathen town?' her father suggested. 'What must we take out?'

'The church,' said Norah, setting it to one side.

'Is that all?'

'I suppose so.'

'No, indeed,' her father said. 'The public school must go. there are no public schools in heathen lands. Take the public library, too,' her father directed.

'Anything else?' Norah asked, sadly.

'Isn't there a hospital over there?'

'But, father, don't they have hospitals?'

'Not in heathen countries. It was Christ who taught us to care for the sick and old.'

'Then I must take out the Old Ladies' Home,' said Norah, very soberly.

'Yes, and that Orphans' Home at the other end of the town.'

'Why, father,' Norah exclaimed, 'there is not a good thing left! I would not live in such a town for anything! Does knowing all about Jesus make that difference?'—Selected.

Coal Heaving Girls in Japan.

If I were asked to say of all that I saw in Japan, what that is that lives most vividly in my memory, I should probably shock my artistic reader by saying that it was the loading of a steamship at Nagasaki with coal. The huge vessel, the 'Empress of Japan,' was one morning, soon after its arrival at Nagasaki, suddenly festooned—I can use no other word—from stem to stern on each side with a series of hanging platforms, the broadest nearest the base and diminishing as they rose, strung together by ropes, and ascending from the sampans, or huge boats in which the coal had been brought alongside the big steamer, until the highest and narrowest platform was just below the particular port-hole through which it was received into the ship. There were, in each case all along the sides of the ship, some four or five of these platforms, one above another, on each of which stood a young girl. On board the sampans men were busy filling a long line of baskets holding, I should think, each about two buckets of coal, and these were passed up from the sampans in a continuous and unbroken line until they reached their destination, each young girl, as she stood on her particular platform, passing, or rather throwing, these huge basketfuls of coal to the girl above her, and she again to her mate above her, and so on to the end. The rapidity, skill and, above all, the rhythmic precision with which, for hours, this really tremendous task was performed was an achievement which might well fill an American athlete with envy and dismay. As I moved to and fro on the deck above them, watching this unique scene, I took out my watch to time these girls, and again and again I counted sixty-nine baskets—they never fell below sixty—passed on board in this way in a single min-

ute. Think of it for a moment. The task—I ought rather to call it an art, so neatly, simply, and gracefully was it done—was this; the young girl stooped to her companion below her, seized from her uplifted hands a huge basket of coal, and then, shooting her lithe arms upward tossed in laughingly to the girl above her in the ever-ascending chain. And all the while there was heard as one passed along from one to another of these chains of living elevators, a clear, rhythmic sound, which I supposed at first to have been produced by some bystander striking the metal string of something like a mandolin, but which I discovered, after a little, was a series of notes produced by the lips of these young coal heavers themselves—distinct, precise, melodious and stimulating. And at this task these girls continued, uninterruptedly and blithely, from ten o'clock in the morning until four o'clock in the afternoon, putting on board in that time, I was told, more than one thousand tons of coal. I am quite free to say that I do not believe that there is another body of workfolk in the world who could have performed the same task in the same time and with the same ease.—Bishop Potter, in the 'Century.'

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give three cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

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So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of Aug. 6, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Assassination of Flehr—The 'Independent,' New York.
After Flehr, What?—The New York 'Times.'
England and Russia—The Question of Contraband—The New York 'Evening Post.'
Port Arthur: Its Harbor and Surroundings—By One Who Knows It, in the 'Scotsman,' Edinburgh.
Facing Death with Heroism—How Two Japanese Spies Met their Fate—By M. Pravdine, in 'Le Petit Temps.'
The Death of President Kruger—Poem, by Edward Sydney Tyloo, in the 'Spectator,' London.
English Estimates of Kruger—The Manchester 'Guardian,' Liberal: the 'Standard,' London, Conservative.
Gloom Indictments—The Buffalo 'Express.'
Mr. Chamberlain on His Prospects—English papers.
The Two Compromises—The Bible Settlement of 1870 and the Education Act—By G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Commonwealth,' London.
The Chartered Company and Rhodesia—The 'Speaker,' London.
Market Day in Old Quebec—By M. G. in the New York 'Evening Post.'
A Homeless People—Ways and Works of the Romanichels, the True Bohemians—By M. Marjolei, in 'Le Monde Moderne,' Paris.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The Painters of Ireland—Pictures Which Never Got to St. Louis—New York 'Sun.'
Features of Furnishing—On an English Home in Germany—By Mrs. George Tweedie, in the 'Outlook,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Highway—Poem, by Louise Driscoll, in 'Lippincott's.'
The Red-Earth Country—Poem, by Nora O'nealon, in the 'Westminster Budget.'
Great Talking—By G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Daily News,' London.
Christianity and Current Literature—An address by the Rev. Henry Van Dyke, from the 'British Weekly.'
The American Short Story—The New York 'Times' Saturday Review.
Tolstol's thoughts on Life—Extracts from Private Letters to European Friends—The 'Independent,' New York.
Russia as it Really Is—The Empire with the Feet of Clay—By T. P., in T. P.'s Weekly, London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Professor Von Schroen and His Discovery—By L. Wolfsohn, in the 'Westminster Budget.'
A Purely African Civilization—By E. J. Harmer, in the 'Christian World,' London.
Evolution of the Automobile—By M. C. Krarup, in the 'Iron Age.'
Sunshine Records—The 'Lancet,' London.
Science Notes.

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LITTLE FOLKS

Virginia's School of 'Sperence.

(By Hilda Richmond, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

'Can't I have just a few more raisins, mamma?' teased Virginia.

'I am afraid you have eaten too many now, dear. Go and play with your doll for I am very busy with the cake.'

'Virginia has formed the bad habit of coaxing for things,' said Grandma, when the little girl was out of hearing. 'You ought to break it up, Helen.'

'Yes, I know it,' said Virginia's mamma, 'but it is hard to root out bad habits.'

In a few minutes Virginia was back teasing for currants. Your mamma is afraid they will make you sick,' explained Grandma, kindly.

'I'm sure they won't' pouted Virginia. 'Rose's mamma always gives her big lumps of sugar and everything when she bakes cake and I've only had a few currants. I think it's too bad.'

'I think this little girl needs a term in the school of experience,' said Grandma. 'Why don't you let her try that?'

'Where is the school of 'sperience and who is the teacher?' enquired Virginia.

'It is everywhere where people have their own way till they learn better,' laughed mamma, 'and experience is the teacher. That is too hard a word for you, but some day you will learn what it means. Just now it is better to mind mamma because she knows best.'

'It must be lovely to have your own way all the time and not have folks saying, 'Don't do that, Virginia.' I'd be perfectly happy if I didn't have to mind.'

'What would you do first?' asked mamma.

'Eat some more raisins,' was the prompt answer.

'All right. You may do as you please for a whole hour, so you may say you're perfectly happy for once.'

'Oh, good! good!' and she helped herself to a liberal handful of fruit.

'I guess I'll play dinner with my best little dishes.'

So the little table was soon set and the dolls gathered around it.



What little Miss Betty will be an Old Maid
Is evident, very to me
For she takes her white kitten wherever she goes
And sips every morning her tea

—'Little Folks.'

Mamma had her cake in the oven by this time so she got all the things down that Virginia asked for, and even Grandma went to the store down at the corner for candy because Virginia wished for it. The hour passed all too soon and she begged for another. Mamma saw the lesson was not yet learned so she granted the request, and by that time papa had come to dinner.

'Not want any dinner? Are you ill, Virginia?' asked papa, anxiously.

'No, papa, but I had a play dinner and ate lots of things. Mamma let me do as I pleased and I was so happy.'

'What do you want to do this afternoon, Virginia? Have your own way again?' enquired Grandma, finding a forlorn little heap in a corner of the lounge.

'O, Grandma, I feel so bad. Do you think I'm going to be very sick. My head hurts and my back and everything.'

'You must not eat things your mamma tells you not to, said the doctor, gravely, after giving Virginia a dose of nasty medicine. 'Little girls always get punished like this when they are naughty.'

'Mamma said I might eat the raisins,' said Virginia, faintly.

'Virginia wanted to have her own way,' explained mamma, 'and I thought that would cure her of teasing for things she should not have sooner than anything else.'

'O, I see. Well, how do you like Miss Experience for a teacher, Virginia?'

'If this is the school of 'sperience I never want to go to it again,' said Virginia. 'I'm always going to mind, mamma. See if I don't.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Aug., 1904, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Number One.

'He is a number one boy,' said grandmother, proudly. 'A great boy for his books; indeed, he would rather read than play, and that is saying a good deal for a boy of seven.'

'It is, certainly,' returned Uncle John, 'but what a pity it is that he is blind.'

'Blind!' exclaimed grandmother, and the number one boy looked up too, in wonder.

'Yes, blind, and a little deaf, also, I fear,' answered Uncle John.

'Why, John! what put that into your head?' asked grandmother, looking perplexed.

'Why, the number one boy himself,' said Uncle John. 'He has been occupying the one easy chair in the room all the afternoon, never seeing you, nor his mother when she came in for a few minutes rest. Then when your glasses were mislaid, and you had to climb upstairs two or three times to look for them, he neither saw nor heard anything that was going on.'

'Oh, he is so busy reading,' apologized grandmother.

'That is not a very good excuse, mother,' replied Uncle John, smiling. 'If 'Number One' is not blind nor deaf, he must be very selfish indeed to occupy the best seat in the room, and let older people run up and down stairs while he takes his ease.'

'Nobody asked me to give up my seat nor to run on errands, said 'No. One.'

'That should not have been necessary,' urged Uncle John. 'What are a boy's eyes and ears for, if not to keep him posted on what is going on around him? I am glad to see you fond of books, but if a pretty story makes you forget all things except amusing 'Number One,' better run out and play with the other seven-year-old boys, and let grandmother enjoy the comfort of her rocker in quiet.'—'Youth's Evangelist.'

My Three Little Texts.

I am very young and little,

I am only just turned two;

And I cannot learn big chapters,
As my elder sisters do.

But I know three little verses
That my mamma taught to me,

And I say them every morning
As I stand beside her knee.

The first is, 'Thou God seest me;
Is it not a pretty text?

And "Suffer the little children
To come to Me' is the next.

But the last one is the shortest;

It is only, 'God is love.'
How kind He is in sending
Such sweet words from above!

He knows the chapters I can't
learn;

So I think He sent these three
Nice short texts just on purpose
For little ones like me.

—'Our Little Dots.'

Making Up.

Yes, Bessie an' I really quarrelled;
She wanted to play with the
dolls.

An' I wanted to ride on the 'teeter'
Or play with our new croquet
balls.

We argued and quarrelled and
argued,

An' then Bessie gave up to me;
Then, of course, I gave up to Bessie,
'Cause she is the littlest, you see.

Well, somehow, our quarrel was
over;

We kissed the bad feelin's away;
We played what we both of us
wanted,

An' then we were happy all day.
—'Little Folks.'

Conceit.

A little dog barked at the big round
moon,

That smiled in the evening sky;
And the neighbors smote him with
rocks and shoon—

But still he continued his rageful
tune.

And he barked till his throat
was dry.

The little dog bounced like a rubber
ball,

For his anger quite drove him
wild;

And he said 'I'm a terror although
I'm small,

And I dare you, you impudent fel-
low, to fall.'

But the moon only smiled and
smiled.

Then the little dog barked at a
terrible rate,

But he challenged the moon in
vain,

For as calmly and slow as the work-
ings of fate,

The moon moved along in a manner
sedate,

And smiled at the dog in disdain.

But soon, 'neath a hill that ob-
structed the west,

The moon sank down out of
sight,

And it smiled, as it slowly dropped
under the crest,

But the little dog said, as he lay
down to rest,

'Well! I scared it away all right!
—'Puck.'

The Fruits of a Sermon.

A poor ignorant woman went to church and heard a sermon on the sin of dishonesty. Some time after she was asked what she remembered of the discourse. 'Nothing,' she answered, 'I have such a poor memory; but,' she added, 'when I came home I burnt my bushel.'—Margaret Hunt.

W—for W-illiam stands,

X—a town in foreign lands,

Y—You really learn to spell

If you have but Z-eal as well.

—Mary E. Kendrew.

Cannot do Without Him.

A clergyman, away at the sea-side for a short holiday, was asked to preach at a certain church. He did so, and, after the service, went home to dine with a member of the congregation. 'Well, Johnny,' he said, at the dinner-table, to the youngest son of the family, a little boy, aged seven, 'can you remember what the text was this morning?' 'Jesus is precious,' replied the boy. 'And what do you mean by precious?' rejoined the clergyman. 'Oh,' said the little fellow, after a short pause, 'it means that Jesus is like mother. Mother is precious because we can't do without her, and Jesus is also precious because we can't do without Him.' It was simply put, but how true were the little boy's words!—'Sunday Friend.'

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LESSON IX.—AUGUST 28.

Elijah Discouraged.

I. Kings xix., 1-8.

Golden Text.

In my distress I cried unto the Lord, and he heard me. Psalm cxx., 1.

Home Readings.

Monday, Aug. 22.—I. Kings xix., 1-8.
 Tuesday, Aug. 23.—Ex. xxxiv., 27-35.
 Wednesday, Aug. 24.—Luke iv., 1-13.
 Thursday, Aug. 25.—Num. xi., 1-15.
 Friday, Aug. 26.—Ps. xlii., 1-11.
 Saturday, Aug. 27.—Ps. lxxvii., 1-20.
 Sunday, Aug. 28.—Ps. xxxvii., 1-15.

1. And Ahab told Jezebel all that Elijah had done, and withal how he had slain all the prophets with the sword.
2. Then Jezebel sent a messenger unto Elijah, saying, So let the Gods do to me, and more also, if I make not thy life as the life of one of them by to-morrow about this time.
3. And when he saw that, he arose, and went for his life, and came to Beer-sheba, which belongeth to Judah, and left his servant there.
4. But he himself went a day's journey into the wilderness, and came and sat down under a juniper tree: and he requested for himself that he might die; and said, It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers.
5. And as he lay and slept under a juniper tree, behold, then an angel touched him, and said unto him, Arise and eat.
6. And he looked, and, behold, there was a cake baken on the coals, and a cruse of water at his head. And he did eat and drink, and laid him down again.
7. And the angel of the Lord came again the second time, and touched him, and said, Arise and eat; because the journey is too great for thee.
8. And he arose, and did eat and drink, and went in the strength of that meat forty days and forty nights unto Horeb the mount of God.

(By R. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

After the great triumph of last week we might expect to find Elijah in a most exalted and hopeful frame of mind. But not so. In this lesson we see that this man of sublime faith, and of such continuous obedience to God, had his seasons of depression as men have to-day.

There is something very human in this story of Elijah. At one time he is facing a wicked king, and announcing a drouth, or accusing him of being responsible for the suffering of his people. Then we find him bringing succor to a starving household, and life to a widow's son. Last week we saw how he boldly challenged the prophets of Baal to prove who was the true God, and defeated them before Israel. All this showed the strength of Elijah the prophet of God.

But to-day's lesson reveals the human weakness of the man Elijah. Has it ever occurred to you how absurd it is to glory in one's own powers to resist this or accomplish that other?

He is most capable who is most in touch with God who gave him his life in the first place. The trolley car runs but a few feet if the connection with the power house is broken. The Christian's natural gifts amount to little when for a time he loses touch with his Father who alone can supply all his needs.

Well, in this lesson, following immediately

after that of last week, we have a case where a wonderfully efficient servant of God for a moment succumbed to the strain and the discouragements that were put upon him, and longed for release.

How mercifully God dealt with his servant, however, in continuing his life for its glorious close.

THE LESSON STUDY.

Jezebel Vows Revenge. 1-3. 'So let the gods do to me, and more also, if I make not thy life as the life of one of them by to-morrow about this time.'

Ahab had reported to Jezebel all that Elijah had done, including his slaying of the prophets of Baal. This utterly unprincipled woman, defying God's power and ungrateful for the abundant rain, now seeks the life of God's prophet for his share in the important events that had just transpired.

Elijah had stopped outside the entrance to Jezreel, and Jezebel sends a messenger with the threat that she will kill him within another twenty-four hours. Some think this a mere threat intended to frighten the prophet from the place as she was afraid of him.

Elijah, however, who was perhaps a better judge of her character, appears to have taken this as an impulsive and insolent expression of her rage over the death of the prophets of Baal. To him it meant a great peril if he remained within her reach.

So the prophet, who, in the strength of God, but a few hours ago faced alone a depraved king, a rebellious people, and a host of false prophets, now flees for his life from a wicked woman who threatens him. Beer-sheba was in the extreme south of the kingdom of Judah, nearly a hundred miles from Jezreel. There he left his servant whom tradition says was later the prophet Jonah.

Opinion is divided as to the right of Elijah thus to flee, but, as Dean Farrar thinks, there was no reason why he should needlessly expose his life. Unless commanded to remain ordinary prudence would dictate that he should avoid danger.

Elijah Longs for Death. 4. 'Now, O Lord, take away my life.'

After leaving his servant at Beer-sheba the prophet himself pressed on into the wilderness a day's journey, and sat down under a juniper tree. This is a bush some ten or twelve feet high, which affords but poor shade, but would be a welcome shelter in the desert if nothing else offered.

Remember that Elijah had passed through the great strain of the day on Carmel, that he had been fleeing for days from his enemies, that he was discouraged as he realized the sad conditions that obliged a prophet of God to leave his country, that he was now without even the companionship of his servant, and was sitting there weary and oppressed by the terrible heat.

Under these circumstances human nature gave way, and Elijah prayed for death, declaring that he was no better than his fathers. They had passed away and were at rest, why should he care to live? He felt the terrible depression that comes with the idea of failure and of impending disaster.

Every Christian of any experience has had just such times when life seems utterly worthless and too burdensome to be endured, and he thinks with envy of those who have gone before him and who now rest from their labors. Other Bible heroes had similar gloomy experiences.

'Man's Extremity is God's Opportunity.' 5-8. 'Then an angel touched him.'

Worn out and drowsy in the heat Elijah fell asleep after his prayer for death. But God had grander things in store for his servant than a death alone in the desert.

An angel touched him and said, 'Arise and eat.' Elijah's despair was in part due to his physical discomfort. It is a common saying that it is useless to talk religion to a man with an empty stomach. That is, a man who is suffering for food does not think very clearly and willingly about matters even more important. God in his mercy relieves his servant's immediate physical distress.

A cake baked on the coals and a cruse of water are at his head. Elijah ate and drank, then fell asleep again. Rest and nourishment are the first requirements now.

'Arise and eat; because the journey is too great for thee.' A second time the angel

touches him, and on this occasion gives the first intimation of what is in store for him. The prayer for death is neither answered nor mentioned. How gracious in God to ignore the foolish request of his servant, uttered in a moment of utter discouragement!

A journey is now mentioned. Other travels, further duties, longer life, are before Elijah, and he is bidden to prepare for 'the next thing.'

'And went in the strength of that meat forty days and forty nights unto Horeb the mount of God.' God interweaves the natural and the supernatural at times, supplementing natural by miraculous aid. Elijah did as the angel bade him, and God prolonged the strength from that nourishment in order that the long journey to Horeb, that is, to Mount Sinai, might be accomplished.

'Forty days and forty nights.' What does this number bring to mind? It would seem that it had some special significance. You will remember that it rained forty days and forty nights at the time of the flood, that Moses was in Mount Sinai forty days and forty nights, that the Israelites wandered in the wilderness forty years, that Christ himself also fasted forty days in the wilderness. It would seem to be a number used in times of waiting or of preparation for some event.

Horeb was over two hundred miles from Beer-sheba, still further to the south and away from Judah and Israel.

The lesson for September 4 is, 'Elijah Encouraged.' I. Kings xix., 9-18. Read the whole chapter.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, August 28.—Topic—National missionary heroes. Heb. xi., 32-40.

Junior C. E. Topic.

THE ALTAR AT BETHEL.

Monday, Aug. 22.—God's message to Jacob. Gen. xxxv., 1.

Tuesday, Aug. 23.—'Put away strange gods.' Gen. xxxv., 2-5.

Wednesday, Aug. 24.—Building the altar. Gen. xxxv., 6-8.

Thursday, Aug. 25.—God's promise to Jacob. Gen. xxxv., 9-15.

Friday, Aug. 26.—'Return unto the Lord.' Isa. lv., 7.

Saturday, Aug. 27.—'We come unto thee.' Jer. iii., 22.

Sunday, Aug. 28.—Topic—The altar at Bethel. Gen. xxxv., 1-15.

Do you know the way to God so well that you can show it to some one else and send him away rejoicing? Philip did. What else in life is so well worth while as showing a wanderer God's road?—M. D. Babcock.

Sunday School Lessons, 1906-1911.

These courses to be pursued in the Sunday-schools of the world that follow the International system were outlined at a meeting of the lesson committee in Washington not long ago:

January, 1906, to June, 1907. The Life and Character of Jesus in Matthew, Mark and Luke (or Studies in the Synoptic Gospels).

July, 1907, to June, 1908. Studies in the Old Testament.

June to December, 1907. Stories of the Patriarchs.

January to June, 1908. The Making of Israel (or from Moses to Samuel).

January to December, 1908. The Words and Works of Jesus (or Studies in John).

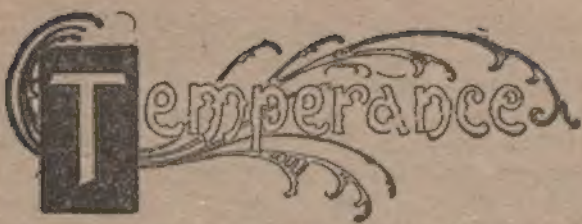
January to December, 1909. The expansion of the Early Church (or Studies in the Acts and the Epistles).

January to December, 1910. The Glory and Decline of Israel (or from Samuel to Isaiah).

January to June, 1911. The Son of Man (or Studies in Luke).

July to December, 1911. The Captivity and Return of Israel (or from Isaiah to Malachi).

It will be noticed that an element of longer continuity is introduced by giving eighteen months consecutively to the study of the life and character of Jesus. In other respects there seems to have been little departure from the general plan followed for a number of years.



Temperance Readings.

WANTED: 2,000,000 BOYS!

Have you a boy to spare? The drinkshop must have boys or it must shut up its shop. Can you find one? It is a great factory, and unless it can have 2,000,000 from each generation, for raw material, some of these factories must close up, and the operatives be thrown out upon a cold world, and the public revenue dwindled! One family out of every five must contribute a boy in order to keep up the supply. Will you help? Which of your boys shall it be? Are you a father? Have you given your share to keep up the supply for this great public institution that is helping pay your taxes and kindly electing public officers for you? Have you contributed a boy? If not, some other family has had to give more than its share. Are you selfish? Voting to keep the tavern open to grind up boys and then doing nothing to keep up the supply? Ponder these questions, ye voters, and answer them to God, to whom you will one day give an account for votes as well as prayers. And ye mothers, wives and daughters, are you by precept, example, and influence in every possible direction doing all you can to save the boys from the enticements of the horrible liquor saloon, and to hasten the day when it shall be outlawed, and curse our fair land no more? If not, why not?

Cleanliness.

Christian people should use their solid influence to banish tobacco in every form from civilization. A few days ago a dying man at Kalamazoo, Mich., lighted a cigarette that he might die happily. The use of cigarettes had induced tuberculosis, of which he died. The use of tobacco is not only filthy and detrimental to health, but a violation of the Golden Rule, 'Keep thy mouth and lips clean.' Lips—yes, do not allow them to utter an indecent word. It degrades, poisons, kills. Keep clean by shutting your eyes and ears to unclean things. It is safe to keep away from the theatre; not that all dramas are impure, but that as a rule, the theatre is a panderer to the lusts of wicked people. The theatre and the dance furnish scenes that live to gnaw memory like gangrene. It is best for our feet to go only where other feet that follow will not be in danger.

After all, purity has its seal in the heart. If that be clean thoughts, words and acts will be clean. A tree is more successfully grafted in the roots if good habits are merely grafted into some of the branches, branches from the old stock will still spring out to impair the value of the tree. If the grafting is in the roots the branches will all produce good fruit. Jesus Christ is the only one that can make our life-trees wholly good. He alone cleanses from all sin. He alone makes over the life so that all its fruits are pure and sweet. He can save from all bad habits. He can so transform character that it will be always lovely.—'Free Baptist.'

The Safe Bridge.

That staunch old Scotchman, Dr. Arnot, gives a good illustration of the total abstinence question. You will find the world full of men who will tell you that they 'are not obliged to sign away their liberty in order to keep on the safe side.' 'They know when they have had enough; no danger of their becoming drunkards,' and the like.

Dr. Arnot says: 'True, you are not obliged; but there is a river we have to cross. It is broad and deep and rapid; whoever falls into it is sure to be drowned. Here is a narrow foot-bridge, a single timber extending across. He who is lithe of limb and steady of brain and nerve may step over it in safety. Yonder is a broad, strong bridge. Its foundations are solid rock. Its passages are wide;

its balustrade is high and firm. All may cross it in perfect safety—the aged and feeble, the young and gay, the tottering wee ones. There is no danger there. Now, my friends, you say, "I am not obliged to go yonder. Let them go there who cannot walk this timber." True, true, you are not obliged, but as for you, we know that if we cross that timber, though we may go safely, many others who will attempt to follow us will surely perish. And we feel better to go by the bridge!'

Walking a foot-bridge over a raging torrent is risky business, but it is safety itself compared with tampering with strong drink.—'Safeguard.'

A Cluster of Thoughts.

Temperance is Reason's girdle and Passion's bridle, the strength of the soul, and the foundation of virtue.—Jeremy Taylor.

Drinking water neither makes a man sick, nor in debt, nor his wife a widow.—John Neal.

'If it is a small sacrifice to discontinue the use of wine, do it for the sake of another; if it is a great sacrifice, do it for your own sake.'

His First Patient.

(J. H. Hammer Quail, in the 'Alliance News.')

(To be continued.)

'Brandy, Miss! What's my shot? I want you to take pay out of a ten-pound note. Hallo, Noah! How are things? Have brandy, a port, or a sherry with me?' Gerald said airily as he walked to a table in a corner near the fire, and sat down.

The brandy was brought, and set on the table.

'What's the score, Miss?' he asked of the maid who brought the liquor.

'Two pounds nineteen and ninepence, sir, with the brandy,' replied the maid.

'All right; take it out of this, and bring me the change.'

Gerald's hand slid into his breast pocket to take out the notes. A look of alarm and dismay came over his face. His hand worked nervously in his pocket. The notes had gone. 'Heavens! They've gone!' he exclaimed.

Rising to his feet, he examined his pocket again, and shook his coat, but there was no sign of the notes.

'They have been taken by some one in the crowd. I've had my pocket picked. The notes are gone. Twenty pounds! Every penny I had,' Gerald said, in confusion.

'What's the matter?' asked Noah Gadsby sternly. Noah had seen that something unusual was passing, and had come to the girl's side.

'I have lost twenty pounds; two ten-pound notes. Some one in the crowd, when I was helping that lad, must have taken them. They are gone,' Gerald said, in a tone of despair.

'Come, come, doctor. That won't do. You must pay the score. It's three pounds now. Pay it off.'

'The money has gone. I had not a cent but that. Twenty pounds! Good heavens! I must go and inform the police.'

'This won't do at all, Doctor. It looks to me like a dodge; a pretence. Now, see. You pay that shot before you have another drink in this house. Pay your debts like a man. I won't have it.'

A dodge! A pretence! Pay your debts like a man! How the words stung Gerald Chesterton. He was penniless. His practice had all gone. He had failed on the very threshold of life. His uncle had been generous, and he had presumed on his generosity, but never had any one dared to suggest dishonesty and sharp practices to him.

His blood rose within him. All the strong and old spirit which had so often asserted itself at college was fired again. Clenching his fist, he raised his arm to strike Noah Gadsby to the ground.

'No, I won't,' he said, as with a tremendous effort he restrained himself. 'You shall have the money; every shilling of it, and 'fore God, you shall have no more,' he added, vehemently.

He turned sharply. Drawing himself up to his full height, leaving the brandy on the ta-

ble untouched; he strode proudly from the room.

The police could obtain no clue to the missing notes. Gerald had not taken the numbers of the notes, so could give no information which might lead to their recovery. He had telegraphed to his uncle to ask if he could give him the numbers of the notes, and had written a humble and penitent letter, telling his uncle the truth fully, and frankly begging him, once more, to send him a little money. His uncle telegraphed: 'Cannot give numbers of notes,' and in reply to Gerald's pitiful letter there had a chilling letter from his uncle, that the remittance of the two ten-pound notes was to be the last. The door of his uncle's solicitude and generosity was shut against him.

Gerald was alone in his surgery. He was in despair. He had no money and no patients. His uncle had cast him off. Every door was closed against him. Every ray of hope now seemed to be extinguished.

He stood near the gas-light, with his left hand extended slightly in front of him. His fingers were working nervously round some little object which he held in his hand. It was a small pill-box. The lid of the box lay on the table, and in the box were three small pieces of a white substance. He was viewing the pieces with the earnestness of a man who felt that for him there was no hope. He well knew that he had only to take one of those small and innocent looking pieces of white stuff to put an end to his spoiled and hopeless life. Why should he continue that life? What had it for him now? He was in debt. He had not paid Noah Gadsby as he said he would. He had no money and no practice, and not a friend in the world of whom he could ask a single sovereign. Worse than all, Mrs. Bradwell, his housekeeper, had given him notice. He owed her money. If she went, what could he do? He had not even the money with which to put an advertisement in the paper for another housekeeper, and he had no money to pay her with, if one came. He was truly in despair.

'I am all broken up. It is of no use trying. I'll finish it off,' he said. His right hand moved to the pill-box. With thumb and finger he took one of the white pieces out of the box. He was going to swallow it.

His hand had risen to his mouth, when he gave a start which nearly over-threw him.

A tremendous ring at the front door, which in his highly nervous condition had seemed like an earthquake, had startled him.

'What's that?' he gasped, as he turned towards the door of the surgery.

The door opened, and Mrs. Bradwell, bearing a note, entered.

'The boy is waiting for a reply,' she said, curtly.

Gerald set the pill-box on the table and replaced the white substance in it. Taking the note from Mrs. Bradwell, he nervously tore the covering.

The note bore the printed heading, 'Central Hospital.' It was from the hospital, and read:

'Dear Chesterton,—The boy who was brought in with the broken legs; the one who was run over, and that you helped, wants to see you. Can you come over?—Yours very truly,

'C. JORDAN.'

It was from Dr. Jordan, the house surgeon of the Central Hospital.

The request in the note came as an electric shock to Gerald. It shattered his morbid train of thought, and presented an object; a duty; a purpose; a cause for instant action.

Hastening to the hall, he put on his overcoat and hat, and in a moment was on the way to the Central Hospital. It seemed as if a new sun had suddenly blazed in the cold and dark night sky of his existence.

Special Clubbing Offer.

'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' one year each, only \$1.00 for both. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries excepting United States and its dependencies, also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Correspondence

Richmond, Que.

Dear Editor,—My papa is a farmer, and we live three miles from any town. We have seven cows and two horses. I go to school, and am in the third reader. It is one mile to our schoolhouse. I have no brothers, but I have two sisters. Iva is five years old and Marian is fifteen months old. Two years ago Iva was in the hospital, and was operated on for blood poison. My grandmother sent me the 'Messenger,' but she died last August. Now my mamma is going to take it for me. I like to read the 'Little Folks' Page' and the Correspondence best. I read it to my mamma and little sister. I have one grandma, one grandpa, nine uncles, six aunts, and nine cousins. Five years ago the lightning burned our barn. I was only three years old, and I was very much frightened.

ELSIE H.

Springfield, Mass.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very much. I am thirteen years of age. We have ten lessons in school, which are as follows: Arithmetic, geography, physical training, reading, spelling, writing, drawing, cooking, music and science. My mother is dead, also my sister and brother, the only sister and brother I ever had. My sister was eight, and my brother was eleven months. I live with my grandma. Only just we three in the family now. I like the school. I am nearly five feet in height, and lack but two or three inches; weight go pounds. I must close with best regards.

ETHEL MAUD E.

Tumbell, Man.

Dear Editor,—This is the first letter that I have ever written to the 'Messenger.' I have taken the paper for three years. I go to the school, and am in the fifth book. We only have seven and eight months' school in the year. I am a country girl my father keeps a farm, and mother keeps fowl. I like living in the country. I have three brothers and two sisters. I am the youngest of the family. I am thirteen years old. I am fond of reading and like the letters from the other boys and girls and the stories in the 'Messenger.' My sister has a cat that is so fat and lazy, that it cannot stand up to eat.

RUBY B.

Cainsville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I was reading the Correspondence, I noticed that none of our folks have ever written to the 'Messenger.' As I have never written to your paper before, I thought I would make a start. We have taken the 'Messenger' for nearly ten years, and I think it would be impossible to do without it. I enjoyed reading the story called 'Saved in a Basket, or Daph and Her Charge.' I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. I live on a farm about two miles from my school. I hope others from this place will write soon.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLAR.

Middleton, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have written once before to the 'Messenger,' and as I saw my letter in print, I thought I would try once more. I am a little girl living on a farm. I go to school every day. I live only about a quarter of a mile from school. I am in Grade V. I like my teacher and studies very much. I wonder if any of the 'little girls' or boys' papas and mammas are exactly the same age as mine are. Their birthdays are on the same day, and they are exactly the same age, and we have never heard of any one like that before. My mamma used to get the 'Messenger' when she was a little girl. I have only two sisters, but no brothers. I am beginning to get interested in Missions, as there is a W. M. Society started here, and my mamma is a member. I am nearly nine years old.

G. A. M. M.

Margaree Forks, Inv. Co., C.B.

Dear Editor,—Margaree Forks is situated on the north side of Cape Breton. The Margaree River is divided into two branches, the south-west branch and the north-east branch. The river is noted for its fine salmon and alewives or gasperaux, which come in large numbers

into the river during the month of May. Margaree Forks has a healthy climate. Large forests of spruce, beech and all sorts of hard wood grow here. The animals are the bear, moose, caribou, fox, mink, musk rat, weasel, and squirrel, and in the fall large flocks of wild ducks light on the marshes for food. Lumbering is carried on chiefly in the fall, and in the winter the logs are hauled on sleds to the mills, where they are sawed into boards and shingles. Farming is the chief occupation of the people.

ROBERT E. E. (aged 12).

Harriston.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' every Sunday at Sunday-school, and read the letters every time. As I have not written to you, I thought I would write my first letter. I had great fun last winter skating on the Maitland River; it is the smallest river I ever saw, although in the spring it is quite a good size, but in the summer I can jump across it. For pets I used to have eight rabbits, and after that I had a pair of white mice. But I traded them and got a fox terrier he is a great dog, and his name is Dick. I go to school here, and I am in the senior third. I was ten years old on Feb. 16.

EDWARD F. C.

Kirk's Ferry, Que.

Dear Editor,—I live near the Gatineau river, and go to bathe nearly every day. On the other side of the river there is a small village, to which a great many people come out from Ottawa for the summer. I am going to school after the holidays. I am in the fourth grade at school. I have one sister and two brothers. As for pets, I have a dog named Minto; he is an English terrier. I am twelve years old, and my birthday comes on May 24. How many of the reader's birthdays come on the same day?

EMMA A. F.

Cisne, Ill., U.S.A.

Dear Editor,—I have intended to write a letter to the 'Messenger' ever since I have taken it, but have just neglected writing. I have only taken the 'Messenger' this year. I live on a farm of eighty acres of timber land, although our land is about all cleared. I have five brothers and two sisters living, and one brother dead. All my grandparents are dead. Mamma's mother lived to be eighty years old. We have been to a Township Sunday-School Convention, and there were some very interesting speeches made and some good advice given which would be very profitable if taken by parents and young people, and also by us who are Christians. 'Doing our best, we can influence others for good': this was the theme of the Convention. I always like to go to Sunday-school and meetings, and I endeavor to do that which is right and set an example for others. Wishing that others from this neighborhood would write,

MINNIE E. M.

Ethel, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have thought for some time I should write to the 'Messenger' to tell a little girl that wanted to know if any of the readers of the 'Messenger' had the same birthday as she had, July 21. My birthday is on the same date, and although I am neither small nor young, I enjoy reading the 'Messenger' very much. I cannot remember the time I did not like to read it, nor can I tell you how long I have been reading the 'Messenger.' It is the first paper I remember having read. As I was born in the year 1853, you can see I have had a good many years to read. I think perhaps my father took both the 'Witness' and 'Messenger' from the first. I know they were in the house as far back as I can remember, and although I have changed my name and moved a long way from the scenes of my youth, I still take both the 'Witness' and 'Messenger,' and would not, of course, ever think of doing without them. Like a number of the young readers, I, too, was a great reader. I read a great many books, but only those that were called good books. I also read the Bible through, and I want to say to the young readers: Make the Bible your first book. Commit its precepts to memory. You will never be sorry for the time you have spent on reading it. So many a book is like the empty house, nothing in it. Life is too short to waste on trashy books.

Although I have stopped reading story books, I still read the 'Messenger.' I take time for that, no matter how busy I am. Some of the young readers write very interesting letters. I read them to my little boys. A Friend of the 'Messenger.'

MRS. ROBERT C.

Bradford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my second letter to the 'Messenger.' I have taken it for a year, and I think it is the best paper I have ever read. There was a concert in our school, and the school was decorated with flags, bunting, tissue paper and evergreens. Every scholar has a piece to say. Some had recitations, songs, and dialogues. I would like to see a letter from Nettie H. There was a girl Nettie L. McN. who said her birthday was on Dec. 9. That is the date of mine, too.

EDNA W.

Kirk's Ferry, Que.

Dear Editor,—I go to school, but now we have our holidays. I am in the third grade at school. I picked a large quantity of strawberries this year. I am eleven years old, and my birthday comes on Dec. 15. I have a flower garden of my own. There are six kinds of flowers in bloom in it at the present time. For pets I have a cat named Tomassie, and ten chickens. We go bathing nearly every day.

ORIANA B. F.

Maple Grove.

Dear Editor,—As it is a long time since I have written to you, I thought I would write a letter this evening, as I am not very busy. We are having beautiful weather here, and it suits the farmer for their hay. I live on a farm five miles from the town of Carleton Place, our nearest town. For pets I have two dogs named Wilse and Sport, and three cats. One day as I was coming home from town I found a cat tied up in a bag, and I took it home and it is a great pet. It will sit up on its hind legs when you tell it to. I have read the following books: 'Black Rock,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Tom Brown,' 'Sea, Forest and Prairie,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'The Life of a Lumberman,' and a few others. I am fond of reading and employ my spare minutes at books. I go to school about three-quarters of a mile from our house, and like going very much. There are eighteen pupils going to our school, but four of them have stopped going during the summer holidays. I was away visiting friends at Whitelake this summer, and had a splendid time. Last fall my father was away deer hunting, and he shot two deer. He had one of the heads mounted, and put up in our house. My brother got one deer also, so we had plenty of venison last year. I have a brother living in Carleton Place, and he is brakeing on the train. We have been taking the 'Messenger' for a good many years, and would not be without it. I will close for this time, but will write again.

H. L. S.

Heidelberg, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger,' which I prize very highly. I have taken the 'Messenger' for about a year, and enjoy the reading very much, especially the many letters and as I like to write letters, I concluded to write a short one for this paper, too. My home is on a farm about one-fourth of a mile from the village of Heidelberg (just a nice walk). I have passed the High School Entrance Examination this summer, and I do not intend to go to school any more until the New Year. There were six in my class, and all were successful. I am fourteen years old, and enjoy good health. I will close by wishing the 'Messenger' great success.

CLARA S.

Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for over fifteen years, and we all like it so much that we think we could not do without it. I like reading the letters very much, as well as the other reading. We lived in Prince Edward Island till last spring, then we moved out to Vancouver, where we all like living very much. I have three brothers and one sister, but my sister lives with my aunt in Victoria. I go to school every day. I would like to see some letters from Prince Edward Island.

BEATRICE E.

HOUSEHOLD.

Household Hints.

To Clean Coat Collars.—A cloth dipped in ammonia and rubbed thoroughly on a coat collar will remove the greasy look. Velvet collars may be treated in the same way, but must be held in front of a hot iron directly to raise the pile.

A Cake Jelly.—Take two stale sponge cakes or a piece of stale Madeira cake. Grate them and put them into a mould, pour a pint of hot jelly to it, and stand aside to cool. When cold turn out and put cream round it.

Fillets of Haddock in Savory Custard.—Sprinkle fillets of haddock, sole or plaice with lemon juice, pepper and salt. Roll them up and put them in a buttered pie-dish. Beat an egg until light and frothy, add to it a little salt, white pepper and grated nutmeg, and a small teaspoonful of milk. Pour this custard over the fish and bake it in a moderate oven from twenty to thirty minutes.

Cream Pie.—Mix one tablespoonful of cornstarch with one cupful of granulated sugar and one egg yolk well beaten. Scald a pint of milk in a double boiler; pour it slowly over the other materials, stirring constantly. When well mixed turn into an under crust, and bake. Beat the white of an egg with two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and heap on the top of the pie when it comes from the oven; return and brown the meringue slightly. Bake the pie in a moderate oven.—Selected.

To Make Good Icecream.

One of the most important points in the making of icecream is to have the ice finely crushed and to use the correct proportion of salt. To ensure the right proportions it is always safer to measure both salt and ice. One part of the former to three parts of crushed ice is the rule, unless for certain results other proportions are advised. Rock salt is generally more satisfactory, but barrel salt may be used if more convenient. A well-made icecream will have a smooth, fine, velvety texture, and to obtain this it is very essential to beat the mixture thoroughly until it is evenly frozen.

Put the freezer in position and place a three-inch layer of the finely crushed ice in the freezing-tub, cover with one measure of salt, three of ice, and so on until the freezing mixture is a few inches above the cream in the can. Pack each layer of ice and salt very firmly and do not be in too much haste to have the ice very finely crushed, for this will really mean less speed in the end. With coarsely crushed ice the cream takes much longer to freeze and turning the crank is a much more arduous performance than the crushing of the ice.

Turn the crank slowly at first, and more rapidly as the cream hardens. When it becomes difficult to turn, remove the beater, stir up the contents with a strong spoon, press it evenly down, cover, cork the hole in the cover, remove the lower plug in the tub and draw off the water. Repack with ice and salt, as at first, cover with an old blanket or piece of carpet, and set aside for at least an hour or two to ripen. Almost all ices are improved if they are packed for several hours to ripen after freezing. If preferred, when the cream is frozen it may be put into moulds. These should be packed full, a thin paper spread over the top, the cover put on tightly and the crack bound around with a piece of muslin dipped in soft butter. The moulds should then be packed in ice and salt for several hours.

When required to be served, wrap the mould for a moment in a towel wrung out of hot water and invert it carefully on the dish in which the ice is to be served. This must be carefully done, as the outlines of a fancy mould will melt very quickly. The safest plan in moulding a delicate ice is to brush the mould very lightly with pure oil and then rinse out with cold water and invert it in order to drain for a moment or two. The ice or jelly may then be slipped out without trouble and with a smooth, unbroken surface.

When cream is not at hand a soft custard is frequently used as the foundation for an icecream. This is of better texture if a little

flour, arrowroot or cornstarch is used to thicken the milk partly and thoroughly cooked before adding the eggs. The cream or custard should be thoroughly chilled before it is put into the freezing-can.

A good recipe for a plain icecream is the following: Scald one pint of milk, reserving enough to make a smooth paste with one-fourth cup of flour, mix this with the hot milk and cook in a double boiler for half an hour. Add the beaten yolks of three eggs and cook for five minutes longer, stirring constantly. Then add one cup of sugar and a pinch of salt. Strain and when cool mix with one pint of thin cream. Add any flavor preferred and freeze.

If cream alone is to be used, and it is always to be preferred, scald one quart and add to it one cup of sugar and a pinch of salt. Let cool, flavor and freeze. Thin cream should be used. From one cup to a pint of strained fruit juice or pulp may be added to one quart of soft custard or the cream preparation before freezing, using more or less sugar, according to the acidity of the fruit. Nuts, candied fruits and powdered macaroons make delicious variations. Use one cupful to one quart of cream.—Mary Foster Snyder, in 'Northwestern Christian Advocate.'

When Peaches are Ripe.

Peach Surprise Ice.—Into one quart of chopper peaches stir a cupful of water, one pound of sugar, and the unbeaten whites of five eggs. Turn all into the freezer and grind until it is firm. The dasher whips the mass into a delicious, frothy 'surprise.' You may use any fruit you choose in the place of peaches.

Frozen Fruit Pudding.—A dessert fit for an epicure is a frozen fruit pudding made with ripe peaches. The ingredients necessary in preparing it are one pint of rich milk, one pint of rich cream, whipped; one pint of nice cut peaches, three yolks of eggs and one and a half cup of sugar. Beat the eggs well together with the sugar. Bring the milk to a boil and stir it carefully into the eggs and sugar. Return it to the kettle and stir over the fire until it thickens slightly; do not let it boil or it will curdle. Set the custard aside to cool, then freeze. When partly frozen add to the whipped cream. Turn a little longer, then stir in the peaches. Pack in a mould.

Molasses Cake.—Here is a country rule for a fine molasses cake—dainty and delicate in quality. One-half cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of butter, half a cupful of molasses, three-quarters of a cupful of warm water. One teaspoonful bi-carbonate of soda, one egg, one teaspoonful of ginger, one and one-half cupfuls of flour. Cream the butter and the sugar, and add the egg and molasses, then the water with the soda dissolved in it, then the flour, slowly, beating all till it is quite smooth. It will be very thin when ready for the pan. Bake till well set in a moderate oven, it will then be found ready to remove from the oven.

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